

WEEKLY



VISITOR,

OR,

LADIES' MISCELLANY.

"TO WAKE THE SOUL BY TENDER STROKES OF ART,
"TO RAISE THE GENIUS AND TO MEND THE HEART."

VOL. II.]

SATURDAY, June 16, 1804.

[No. 89]

THE MAN OF INTEGRITY.

CHAPTER IV.

(Continued from page 82.)

Miss Franklin to Mrs. Herbert.

"STILL trifling with Howard?" you say. Ah, Emma, is not that unjust? I own, the more importunate he becomes, the more unaccountable I shrink from his advances: yet I am convinced I have wholly conquered my latent weakness. Warren is married, and heaven forbid I should breathe a sigh, a wish inimical to honor and virtue. Yet I cannot persuade myself, that I should do right by marrying Howard. I feel I cannot return his affection as I would wish, and with such a conviction, sure it would be the height of injustice towards him to become his wife. He knows my sentiments; yet will persist; and my father seems to feel no other wish. Alas! his health seems gradually declining. Should I lose him, Emma—Dreadful thought. My heart is unusually depressed. Advise me, my friend; comfort me.

*Eliza Franklin.**To Miss Franklin, from Mrs. Herbert.*

"July, 1794.

"Childish Eliza, to ask advice you will not take; to cherish a thousand

idle fancies, which judgment cannot fail to condemn. Did I ever think this reproach could with justice be addressed to you! no; but Eliza is altered, grown capricious, selfish, and obstinate; trifles with the feelings of those who love her, and even refuses to gratify the discreet wish of a fond father, through a chimerical notion of justice. Howard loves you; he is content to take you with the chance of your heart in future; how then can you injure him? You do not deceive him with false professions, you respect and esteem him. Your heart is virtuous; you will not dishonor him; you will fulfil your sacred duties with satisfaction to him; and those duties will soon become pleasures. He will have a thousand opportunities of endearing himself to you by nameless tender attentions. Your heart is not insensible; you will feel his worth, you will reward his affection. Call not this an enthusiastic picture, Eliza, 'tis drawn from life by the hand of reason; realize it, and be happy. Ever yours,

*Emma Herbert.**Miss Franklin to Mrs. Herbert.*

"July, 1794.

"Your last letter was harsh, but I cannot now dwell on that subject. Ah, Emma, I too truly conjectured that my father would soon be torn from me.

Since I wrote to you last, he seemed gradually to get worse; and it was not difficult to perceive that he labored under some secret uneasiness. Yesterday he called me to him; he took my hand between his, and sighed deeply, Mrs Rochford was in the room; he requested her to withdraw. "Eliza," said he at length, "the approaching hour of my dissolution would find me without a wish for the world, could I but be persuaded of the happiness of my child; for that only I have a thousand apprehensions. To leave her poor, unprotected, I cannot bear the thought." "Why this depression, my dear father?" said I cheerfully. "I hope the melancholy hour you speak of is far, very far distant. Besides, my dear Sir, we have a competency, and friends who will never see us wronged." He shook his head mournfully. "No, Eliza, we have but one truly disinterested friend, and that is Howard. O, my love, think what anguish I feel to tell you that the banker in whose hands our little fortune rested, has failed; and should I die, I must leave my child penniless. I know my brother's heart would prompt him to do you justice, but he is under the influence of a mercenary family; and my Eliza would find no resource where she might most expect it. Howard knows the extent of our loss; his affection has suffered no abatement; and he declares it would be his pride and glory to make you his wife. Need I add, Eliza, how this wish clings to my heart? To leave

my child in such hands would be comfort indeed." I endeavored to point out to my father the mercenary look it would have to accept Mr. Howard under such circumstances. "Eliza," said he gravely; "at an hour like this, I can allow for no fastidiousness. You have been long engaged to Howard; his friends object not to the union: he never thought your small fortune a matter of concern; and this new proof of his generosity entitles him to your confidence. Why then trifle with a man who professes for you the most honorable attachment? I never thought my Eliza guilty of romantic weakness." I answered him only in my tears; my heart was too full to speak, and that was no time to unfold its secret thoughts. He sent for Howard; their united importunities left me no alternative. My father joined our hands. Emma I can write no more; a sickness comes over me. I will go to my father's bed-side; his benignant smile will settle every pang.

Eliza Franklin.

Mr. Howard to Mrs. Herbert.

September, 1794.

"Dear Madam,
"I address you by the desire of your friend, to inform you that the melancholy event anticipated in her last has taken place. The worthy Dr. Franklin yesterday breathed his last in the arms of his affectionate afflicted daughter. I need not describe her grief to you; her filial piety has long been known to you, a virtue most amiable in your sex; and though I cannot but deplore the loss of my excellent friend, I feel a mitigation of sorrow in the blessing he has left me. Having obtained the consent of my dear Eliza to be mine as soon as the melancholy duties are performed, a request which was urged by her father in his last moments, I would wish to draw her awhile from a spot where it is not likely she can feel other than sorrowful reflections; and knowing that your presence will yield her the greatest satisfaction, I have prevailed on her to let our marriage take place in London. I will, therefore, trouble Mr. Herbert to get us a furnished house for the season, such as he thinks will suit.—I leave the terms to himself.

I remain, dear Madam,

Yours, &c.

H. Howard."

A suitable time being dedicated to the memory of her father, though not so long a period as Eliza would have wished, she set out for London, accompanied by Howard and Mrs. Rochford, whom she still retained to act in the capacity of house-keeper. The marriage ceremony was performed soon after their arrival, and Eliza supported herself with more firmness than Emma expected. The congratulatory visits paid by her friends at first amused her; and, after a while, she regained a tolerable degree of cheerfulness.

CHAPTER V.

*An Adventure—The unsuspecting Husband—
The best Wife in the World!—and an important Trust.*

Six months passed away happily in London: not a gratification could be imagined, but was procured by the affectionate Howard for his Eliza; and his efforts to attach her to him, were not ineffectual. Lady Torpid engaged her continually in gay parties. Mrs. Villars was an amusive sprightly companion; Emma Howard the beloved participator of her domestic pleasures: but the calls of fashion, interest, or duty, soon separated the social party. Sir Tancred could not exist from Scarborough, and his now obedient lady attended him. A recent legacy, bequeathed to young Villars, made his presence in Gloucestershire necessary; and some purposed improvements on Howard's estate, caused him to hint a wish for their return to Devon. Eliza immediately expressed her readiness to accompany him, and they set out in a post-chaise early in the month of April. It was their intention to sleep at Bath; but they had not proceeded many miles from Chippenham, when a wheel fell off, and the chaise was overturned down a steep bank. It was already dark, and Eliza shrieked with terror: but as Howard was on the side next the ground, he could afford her no assistance. The postillion leaped from his horse, and restrained the animals from dashing the chaise to pieces. Still he could not leave them; and Eliza, with much difficulty, succeeded in extricating herself: but vainly endeavored to raise Howard, who groaned with pain. The postillion hallooed aloud, but no voice returned an answer; and it was so totally dark, that

they could scarcely distinguish their situation. Drenched by a heavy shower of rain, which now fell, Eliza stood trembling, using her utmost exertion to hold the horses, while the postillion released them from the carriage, and fastened them to a tree. At that moment the sound of horses' feet approaching, revived the sinking spirits of Mrs. Howard; and again the man loudly called for help. The sound came nearer, and a gentleman on horseback, attended by his servant, arrived at the unlucky spot. They alighted to offer assistance. Agitation had by this time rendered Eliza senseless; and the gentleman gave her into the arms of his servant, while he assisted to raise Howard from the shattered vehicle. His arm was broken, and his body much bruised. "Where is my wife?" were his first words. "She is safe, Sir," replied the stranger. "I hope we shall be able to convey you to my house, where I shall be happy to afford you any accommodation in my power. It is but down a short lane, and my servant has already escorted the lady thither. Indeed to tell you the truth, her situation was such as required immediate care." "Is she hurt?" cried Howard, in alarm. "Only much terrified, I hope," replied the benevolent gentleman; "and the next village is too far distant to procure any timely aid. Come, Sir, let us carry you. My boy is coming; he will take charge of the horses." Howard could not object. Eliza was waiting at the door to receive him; but the moment lights were brought, she uttered an exclamation of surprise at beholding her husband in the arms of Warren! But alarm and tender compassion for him superceded every other sensation. Mrs. Warren soon appeared; but her excessive sensibility and nervous weakness rendered her presence rather troublesome than otherwise; and Warren rather coolly begged her to retire, and compose herself, which injunction she very readily complied with. Howard was put to bed; a surgeon sent for; and Eliza, after taking some warm wine, insisted on sitting by him through the night. Her active attentions now endeared her more than ever to Howard; and Warren could not but perceive that, though blessed with what his friends and himself had hitherto called the "best wife in the world," cheerful assiduity was preferable to pathetic lamentation or importunate fondness.

(To be continued.)

REFLECTIONS ON THE GREAT-
ER FORCE OF PARENTAL
THAN OF FILIAL AFFECTION.

IT has been remarked by a celebrated writer, that it is easier for one father to maintain ten children, than it is for ten children to maintain one father.—Indeed this is not universally true;—most willingly is it acknowledged that there have been many instances of filial duty and attachment; many instances of children who have cheerfully supported their aged and helpless parents, even by their own labor. In a general view, however, filial gratitude bears no proportion to parental love. The love of parents toward their offspring is so intense, that they think nothing too much to do or to suffer for their sakes: whole years of toil, in feeding and cloathing them, they endure with cheerfulness. But when, by reason of poverty and old age, parents become chargeable to their children, they usually feel the full weight of such a burden; and sometimes, by looks if not by words and actions, they betray an opinion, that it is high time for the old folks to die.

This being the natural state and course of things in the world, instead of repining at it, we should endeavor to cure ourselves of the foolish desire to spin out life to an undue length.—There is a period, when it is proper that we should feel an entire willingness to retire and make room for others;—a period, when death is not only necessary, but desirable. And indeed nothing can be more irrational than to wish to outlive one's usefulness, and even to live beyond the wishes of one's nearest connections. In two conditions especially men sometimes live too long, even in the opinion of their own children.—The first is the condition of poverty, when they become chargeable and burthensome. The other is the condition of great wealth, when their children are in great haste to take possession of their estates, and are apt to grow uneasy, if the period of enjoying their legacies be deferred beyond their reasonable expectations.—Gripus, who, already rich, "rises early, sits up late, eats the bread of care;"—uses every effort to add to a heap, that is but too large, might respite his avarice a little, if he would consider that he is laying before his children a strong temptation of

wishing him out of their way. On the other hand, children who have the care of aged helpless parents would lighten the burden, by remembering that they also may be old and helpless, and may themselves need, from their children, the like kind offices. People frequently find the same measure meted to them, in old age, which they themselves had meted out to their aged parents.

The following anecdote has a good moral and was declared to be a fact. While a man, of considerable property, was employed in scooping out a wooden dish, he was asked by his little boy that stood by him what he made it for. "I am making it" he replied, "for your grandfather; he is old and slavers so, that your mother says he must leave the table and eat by himself in a wooden dish." "Well then, said the little boy, I suppose father, that I too must make a wooden dish for you to eat in when you grow old." Such, it was said, was the force of this simple but poignant remark, on the mind of the father, that he laid aside his work and never reassumed it again. *Balance.*

SINGULAR ADVENTURE

OF A SPANISH WOMAN.

WHEN the Spaniards, first laid the foundation of Buenos Ayres, in 1535, the new colony wanted provisions. All who attempted to procure them were murdered by the savages; and it became necessary to forbid any one, upon the pain of death, from going beyond the limits of the new settlement.

A woman, whom hunger had certainly inspired with resolution to brave the fear of death, eluded the vigilance of the guards who were posted round the colony, to preserve it from the dangers it was exposed to in consequence of the famine.

Maldonata for such was the name of the fugitive, having wandered about for some time in unknown and unfrequented roads, entered a cave to repose herself.

A lioness, whom she met with there, filled her with extreme terror, which was soon changed into surprise, when she perceived this formidable animal

approaching her with signs of fear, and then carressing and licking her hands, with mournful cries, rather calculated to excite compassion than dread.

Maldonata soon perceived that the lioness was with whelp, and that her groans were the complaints of a dam who calls for help to get rid of her burthen. Maldonata was inspired with courage, and assisted the effort of nature, in that painful moment when she seems reluctantly to give life to all beings, which they are to enjoy for so short a time. The lioness, being safely delivered, soon went out in quest of provision, which she brought and laid at the feet of her benefactress. She daily shared it with the little whelps, who, brought into life by her assistance, and bred up with her, seemed by their playful and harmless bites to acknowledge an obligation, which their dam repaid with the tenderest marks of attention: But when they grew bigger, and found themselves impelled by natural instinct to seek their own prey, and sufficiently strong to seize and devour it, the family dispersed in the woods; and the lioness, who was no longer called to the cave by maternal tenderness, disappeared likewise to roam about the forest, which her hunger daily depopulated.

Maldonata, alone and without sustenance, was forced to quit a cavern which was an object of terror to so many living creatures, but which her pity had made a place of safety for her.

She now felt the want of a society that had been of such signal service to her: she did not wander for any considerable time; before she fell into the hands of the savages.

She had been fed by a lion and was made a slave of by men. She was soon after retaken by the Spaniards, who brought her back to Buenos Ayres. The commandant, more savage than the lions or the wild Indians, did not think her sufficiently punished for her flight by all the dangers and miseries she had endured; he had the cruelty to order her to be tied to a tree in the middle of a wood, and there left to starve or to be devoured by wild beasts.

Two days after some soldiers went to see what was become of the unhappy

victim; they found her alive surrounded by hungry tigers, who were eager to devour her, but were kept at a distance by a lioness who lay at her feet with her whelps.

The sight struck the soldiers motionless with pity and terror. When the lioness saw them she withdrew from the tree, as if to make room for them to unbind her benefactress; but when they took her away the animal followed slow at some distance endeavoring to confirm by her caresses and tender complaints, the wonder of gratitude which the woman was relating to her deliverers.

The lioness with her whelps for some time followed after her footsteps, showing all the same marks of regret and affliction, that a disconsolate family express when they attend a beloved father or son, who is going to embark for a place, from whence he may never return.

The commander was informed of the whole adventure by his soldiers; and this example of gratitude in an animal so ferocious awakened in him those feelings, which his savage heart had undoubtedly lost in crossing the seas, and he suffered a woman to live, who had been so visibly protected by heaven.

TRIAL

At Salford, England, on the 8th of December, 1803.

D... VERSUS K...,

THIS was an action in trover, brought by the plaintiff to recover a gold ring and two silver table spoons, which the plaintiff had presented to the defendant's wife, when that lady was in a state of widowhood, on condition of her giving her hand to the plaintiff. It appeared that the commencement of Mr. D's courtship to the widow (then Mrs. B.) was nine weeks after the demise of her first husband, when the parties were on a friendly journey in a gig to Liverpool, in the last bathing season. That he succeeded in his suit so well before he reached Liverpool, as to procure her consent to have the Gordian knot tied in that town: the

little golden magic circle was bought, and a couple of silver spoons, which attracted the lady's fancy, as preparatory to house-keeping. Upon enquiry it appeared that the Canon law precluded an immediate marriage, a certain time of residence being necessary on the part of the bridegroom: it was then proposed and agreed to, that the happy junction of hands should take place at Rochdale, and that Mr. D. should previously reside there one month; this was done; and Mr. D. flew on the wings of affection to fetch his beloved from B—, for the purpose; where, from a feeling of delicacy, the lady would not be wed, so early after the demise of her dear departed husband. On his entering the vicinity of B— his ears were struck with the dulcet tones of the church bells; not knowing the cause, he thought perhaps Bonaparte had been defeated or some other political blow had been struck; he was soon informed it was for a wedding:—Here Mr. D's heart danced in unison with the merry bells, anticipating the blissful moment of his own union: but alas! "Frailty, thy name is woman!" Too soon did he learn that the marriage which the bells proclaimed, was no other than that of the very lady for whose amiable person he had been performing a month's quarantine at Rochdale, to a Mr. K, a gentleman of B— some years younger than Mr. D. This was the plaintiff's case; and he brought his action for the recovery of the ring and spoons. The defence set up was, that those articles were given as mere tokens of friendship, Platonic symbols, distinct from any promise or condition of marriage whatever. The jury gave a verdict to Mr. D. to the full amount of the ring and spoons.

ELIZA FARRINGTON;

Or, Ill-fated charms.

ELIZA FARRINGTON was the daughter of a gentleman who had amassed a large fortune by mercantile concerns, and who resided in a splendid mansion at the western part of the metropolis, to enjoy the fruits of that labor which had been so successfully exerted in the eastern. As he had been elevated from the humiliating station of inferior clerk in a counting-house to the dignified office of its supreme, his mind

had progressively expanded with his fortune; and, from being the fervile slave of those above his sphere, he gradually became a haughty tyrant.

Mrs. Farrington, who had sprung from a state no less lowly than her husband's emulated the dignity which he displayed, and it was difficult to determine which had the pre-eminence in pride, folly, and ostentation. That the offspring of parents so weak and vain should inherit some portion of those qualities, was a circumstance naturally to be expected; and as she was never suffered to experience the slightest control, every trifling failing acquired strength by habit, until she became the slave of her desires.

Unfortunately for Eliza, she was an only child; and the fondness of her parents was carried to such an excess, that their happiness consisted in complying with her caprices. Her face was lovely, and her form perfect; but her mother, instead of repressing that vanity naturally incident to youth and beauty, used every method in her power to increase its growth, by continually extolling her personal attractions, and leaving her mind barren and uncultivated. A French teacher, it is true, was introduced into the family, but with positive directions not to control her pupil; and as her mind was both servile and illiterate, she did not attempt opposing the command, but united her endeavors with those of her employer to fill Eliza's mind with folly and caprice.

As Mr. Farrington's fortune enabled him to live in a style of the utmost expense, his house was crowded with a variety of guests; and as he was continually boasting of his immense riches, Eliza became doubly attractive. Her person, it is true, required no auxiliary, but the wealth of Peru could not have compensated for the poverty of her mind; and so little pains would she take to conceal those defects, that none but the interested or licentious could wish to claim her for their own.

Mr. Farrington's views were completely soaring, and he would rather have bestowed his daughter upon the most dissipated man of fashion, than have seen her united to the most amiable of his sex who had no chance of possessing a title.—

These sentiments he carefully circulated; and, more completely to attain the object of his desires, avowed an intention of giving his daughter eighty thousand pounds on the day she resigned the name of Farrington. A magnet at once so powerful and attractive could not fail of producing the desired effect; and, elated at the prospect of seeing his daughter a Countess, he bestowed her on a man without one single virtue.

Eliza's fondness for her own person had been the means of closing every other avenue of affection, and she gave her hand to the dissipated Lord B—— with the same degree of apathetic indifference that she would have performed the most trifling ceremony.

Though the having obtained a husband was a matter of such unconcern, the having gained a title was of infinite moment, and the sound of *Your Ladyship* vibrated so sweetly on her ear, that it was scarcely possible to have it often enough repeated. The weakness of her mind, the want of elegance in her manners, and the caprice and vanity which she continually displayed, soon destroyed the little hold she had obtained over her husband's affection; and those personal charms which he had once admired, he soon beheld with coldness and disgust.

To a woman possess of the least spark of sensibility, an alteration so unexpected must have been alarming; but, defended by a self-applauding shield against every attack that could be made upon her peace, she was alike indifferent either to his love or hate. Exasperated at a conduct which evinced such want of feeling, his behavior soon became more than cold; and instead of treating her with politeness and civility he was either sullen, contemptuous, or remorseless.

Though indifference had not the power of rousing Lady B——'s feelings, contempt put them absolutely in a blaze; and that a being who had been accustomed to the most servile adulation (even from the authors of her existence) should be scorned by him from whom she expected admiration, was a degree of humiliation which she could not bear; and, instead of attempting to regain his love by the gentle arts of sweetness and persuasion, she strengthened that disgust which her conduct had

inspired by constant upbraidings and incessant complaints.

As Lord B——'s principles were completely licentious, his friends and associates were of the same description; and, perceiving the dislike each felt for the other, they thought themselves privileged to profit by it, and by indirect proofs of sympathy and tenderness hoped to obtain a place in Lady B——'s affection.

When once a woman is weak enough to select a male confidant, in whom she reposes her domestic grief, she is absolutely laying a foundation for the destruction of her virtue; as all men of gallantry will construe such conduct into a tacit proof of preference and regard.

Amongst the chosen friends of Lord B—— was a gentleman of the name of Stanmore, whose elegant person and accomplished manners formed a striking contrast to the depravity of his mind, and rendered his principles as dangerous as his form was attractive.

Though a natural coldness of constitution, combined with an ample portion of self-applause, had hitherto been a security against the snares of gallantry; yet the mortifications Lady B—— endured from the neglect of her husband, united with the tender assiduities of his too accomplished friend, soon taught her sensations to which she had been a stranger, and gave a new turn to her desires.

Lord B——, though totally indifferent to his wife, was tremblingly alive to his own interest; and as her partiality for Stanmore defied constraint, a less interested mind could not fail discovering it. Had his affection, as well as his honor, been concerned, he might not have been able to act with the same degree of caution; but not only anxious to convince himself of her disgrace, but to obtain some advantage by the proofs, he concealed his indignation under an appearance of friendship, and doubled his attentions to his insidious rival.

A pretended journey to a distant part of England gave the lovers an opportunity of gratifying their desires; and large promises to Lady B——'s attendant destroyed the confidence she had sworn never to disclose. At the mo-

ment when this frail, lovely being fancied herself securely indulging her illicit passion, the object whom she was injuring appeared before her, accompanied by two confidential friends!

Such indubitable proofs of infamy and shame excited in her husband both hatred and disgust; but as positive conviction of his wife's incontinency was the only thing he wished to obtain, he neither loaded her with censure nor reproach, but left the Lords and Commons to avenge his wrongs!—A divorce was soon and easily obtained; and that title which had possessed so many charms was destined to adorn some more virtuous fair.

The excess of Eliza's passion for the worthless Stanmore reconciled her at first to the loss of fame; but when she found that he refused to make her his wife when the barrier was removed which rendered that step impracticable, she suddenly awoke to the horrors of her fate, and cursed those charms which had been accessory to her ruin.

Thus lost to virtue, but alive to shame, she gave way to the most dreadful paroxysms of grief; and by turns lamented her fall from honor, and loaded him with reproach who had been the cause of her disgrace, until a constitution, weakened by the violence of contending passions, at length yielded to their effect, and released her from the stings of a reproaching conscience, and the censures of a condemning world.

VULGAR PREJUDICE.

A FEW weeks since, a lady in Dublin, who labored under an acute and obstinate fever, was attended by an eminent physician who found it necessary to exert his utmost skill, and prescribed the most powerful medicines, but without any apparent effect; and with some astonishment saw his patient exhausted almost to death, in despite of all his skill; at length some slight symptoms of a crisis appearing, he ordered some draughts to aid exhausted nature, and calling in the evening to know how they had operated, was informed his patient was dead!

On entering the chamber, he saw

several woman occupied in washing the body, and preparing it for the last obsequies; and accidentally casting his eyes towards the window, observed in the casement of one of the shutters not only the bottles he had ordered that day, in the state they came from the apothecary's untouched, but all the medicines he had prescribed for a fortnight before.

On interrogating the nurse tender, the answer was, that "she thought it a sin to tease the poor lady with such nauseous trash, or to make a *potteckerry's* shop of her belly."

On a closer inspection of her body, the vital warmth did not seem quite extinct; a very faint pulse almost imperceptibly throbbled at her temples and wrists, and the application of a mirror before her mouth and nostrils evidently shewed that respiration was not gone.

The body was instantly put into a warm bed, and by the application of proper cordials, restored to life in less than three hours, and to perfect health in less than a month, to the inexpressible joy of the lady's family and friends; but the poor lady had the mortification to find herself deprived of a most beautiful head of hair, which the witches of death had scorn off, in their hurry to fit her for the coffin.

[London paper.]

THE FORCED STORY.

LORD Kelly was, like his prototype Falstaff, "not only witty himself, but the cause of wit in other men." Mr. Andrew Balfour, the Scottish advocate a man of considerable humor, accompanied by great formality of manners, happened to be one of a convivial party when his Lordship was at the head of the table. After dinner he was asked to sing, but absolutely refused to comply with the pressing solicitation of the company. At length lord Kelly told him that he should not *escape*, he must either sing a song, tell a story, or drink a pint bumper. Mr. Balfour, being an abstemious man, chose rather to tell a story than incur the forfeit. "One day (said he, in a pompous manner) a thief, in the course of his rounds, saw the door of a church insidiously open. He

walked in, thinking that even *there*, he might lay hold of some thing. Having secured the pulpit cloth, he was retreating, when lo! he found the door shut. After some consideration, he adopted the only mean of escape left, namely to let himself down by the bell-rope. The bell of course rang, the people were alarmed, and the thief was taken, just as he reached the ground. When they were dragging him away, he looked up, and emphatically addressing the bell, *as I now address your Lordship*; "Had it not been," said he, "for your long tongue, and empty head, I had made my escape."

A HAND BILL.

"May no miscarriage
Prevent my marriage."

MATTHEW DOWSELL, in Bethell, Cumberland, intends to be married at Holm church, on the Thursday before Whitsuntide next, *whenever that may happen*; and to return to Bethell to dine.

Mr. Reed gives a turkey to be roasted; Edward Clementson gives a fat lamb, to be roasted; William Elliot gives a hen, to be roasted; Joseph Gibson gives a pig, to be roasted; William Hodgson gives a fat calf, to be roasted.

And in order that all this roast meat may be well basted—do you see,

Mary Pearson, Patty Hodgson, Mary Bushby, Molly Fisher, Sarah Briscoe, and Betty Porthouse, give each of them a pound of butter. The advertiser will provide every thing else suitable for so festive an occasion.

And he hereby gives notice,

To all young women, desirous of changing their condition that he is at present *disengaged*; and he advises them to consider, that although *there may be luck in leisure*, yet, in this case, *delays are dangerous*; for with him, he is determined it shall be *first come first served*.

So come along lasses, who wish to be marry'd; Mat Dowsell is wad'd that so long he has tarry'd.

The Visitor.

SATURDAY, June 16, 1804.

The office of the VISITOR is removed to No. 102, Water-street, opposite the CHRONICLE office.

LIST OF DEATHS IN N. YORK.

The city clerk reports the deaths of 25 persons during the week ending on Saturday last.

OF CONSUMPTION 8—Old age and debility, 2—Inflammation of lungs, 3—Decay, 1—Suicide, 2—Worms, 1—Nervous Fever, 1—Lingering sickness, 1—Schirrus Liver, 1—Phthisis Pulmonis, 1—Dropsey, 1—Sudden, 1—Homostysis, 1—Disorder not mentioned, 1.

Of whom 18 were adults, and 7 children.

On Saturday, June 2 arrived in the city of Washington, the Baron Humboldt, accompanied by two of his fellow travellers in South America. The Baron Humboldt is a distinguished philosopher of Prussia, of which country he is a native. Animated by the wide field for research presented by the New World, he about 6 years ago under the auspices of the king of Prussia, and with facilities to intercourse afforded by the monarchy of Spain, exchanged the ease and enjoyments of his own country for the hardships and perils of a climate to which he had been entirely a stranger. Since that period he has been actively engaged in exploring the interior of South America; in making himself acquainted with the manners of the inhabitants their numbers and their political economy: in making astronomical observations, for which he was provided with the best instrument; in examining the animal and vegetable kingdoms, and in becoming acquainted, from personal observation, with the mountains volcanoes and mines so numerous scattered over the country.

He has had the singular good fortune of

having endured, for a considerable length of time, a degree of heat, in which the mercury stood at 105 degrees without experiencing one day's sickness; and of passing through a greater variety of climates than are to be found in any other quarter of the globe.—Among his proudest trophies is the having gained a higher eminence of the Chimborasso, (itself by far the highest mountain in the world) than had ever before been reached by natives or foreigners.

He is about returning to Europe to publish the result of his researches, which we have no doubt will not only give new views of a large portion of South America, but likewise rescue the accounts of that region from the fiction and incorrectness with which they are at present enveloped.—*Nat. Intel.*

Charleston, June 1,

On Sunday night, the 27th inst. between the hours of eleven and twelve o'clock, Mr. Richard Johnson, planter, of St. Paul's parish, hearing a considerable noise among his dogs, adjacent to the house, went out to learn the cause when he was immediately shot dead upon the spot, receiving several shot in different parts of the body. The perpetrator of this deed is supposed to be a fellow belonging to Mr. Johnson, who has absconded for some time past. We are concerned to state that Mr. Johnson has left an affectionate wife and five children to lament the irreparable loss.

At the anniversary commencement of the University of Pennsylvania, held on the 6th instant, the Degree of Doctor in Divinity was conferred on the Rev. John M. Mason, and the Rev. Samuel Miller, of this city.



Married,

On Saturday evening last, Mr James Griffith a native of England, to Miss Ann McKenzie, of this city.

At Paughkeepsie, John Suydam, esq. to Miss Ann Talmadge, daughter of esq. Talmadge.

On Saturday, June 2d, Mr. John Trout, to Miss Polly Burger, both of this city. Same evening, Samuel Burritt, esq. to Miss Ann Burling, daughter of Ebenezer Burling of this city.

On Monday evening, Capt. Noah Pratt, of Saybrook (Con.) to Miss Mary Cowan, of this city.

Same evening, at Newark, Mr. Robert Thompson, merchant of this city, to Miss Matilda Van Dine of Newark.

On Monday evening last, Mr. Martin Shannaham, to Miss Julia Murray, both of this city.

On Saturday evening June 2d, Mr. Andrew Maverick, to Miss Catherine Dow, both of this city.

On Saturday June 2d, Mr. William Phillips, merchant, to Miss Sally Evertson, daughter of the late Mr. John Evertson, of Pleasant Valley.



Died,

On Wednesday morning, after a lingering illness of several months, Mrs. Janet Durning.

At Newark, on Thursday last, Mrs. Rachel Boudinot, consort of the hon. Elisha Boudinot, esq.

At Shutesbury, Mr. Ephraim Pratt, aged 117.

An interview with I. A. is necessary, previous to the insertion of his communication.

TO THE LADIES.

A soft clear and delicate Skin.

THE proprietors of the celebrated Italian Lily Lotion, take this method of informing the ladies, and the fashionable world, that they have just received a fresh supply of that valuable article, which is held in such high estimation by ladies of the first rank in Europe and America, for its superior qualities in cleansing, clearing, and softening the skin, as well as freeing it from those cutaneous eruptions incident to many complexions, and so detrimental to female beauty.

The Lily Lotion is peculiarly pleasant in its operation—it washes the skin, perfectly clean, an agreeable softness immediately succeeds its use, and the skin is also sweetened and refreshed, while the whole complexion assumes an enlivened appearance.

The proprietors of the incomparable article think it a duty incumbent on them, to apologize for the length of time they have disappointed their fair friends in not having a sufficient supply to satisfy the very great demand.

Sold by appointment at Messrs. Ming & Young's, No. 102 Water-Street, Mr. Lawrence Bowers, 432 Pearl-street, & wholesale and retail at Stoker & Co's. Medicine Warehouse, No. 20, Bowery-lane.

Price One Dollar.

W. S. TURNER,

SURGEON DENTIST, FROM LONDON.

Respectfully acquaints the ladies and gentlemen of this city, that he practises in all the various branches of his profession. He fits Artificial Teeth with such uncommon nicety as to answer all the useful purposes of nature, and of so neat an appearance, that it is impossible to discern them from real ones. His method of cleaning the teeth is allowed to add every possible elegance to the finest set, without giving the least pain or incurring the slightest injury to the enamel. In the most raging tooth-ache he can truly say, that his Tincture has very seldom failed in removing the torture; but if the decay is beyond the power of remedy, his attention in extracting the tooth, and indeed of decaying teeth in general, (from considerable study and practice) is attended with infinite ease and safety.

Mr. TURNER will wait on any lady or gentleman at their respective houses, or he may be consulted at No. 12, Dry-Street—where may be had, with directions, his Antiscorbutic TOOTH-POWDER, a most innocent preparation of his own, from Chymical and Medical experience. It has been in great esteem the last ten years, and is considered as pleasant in its application, as it is excellent in its effect; it renders the teeth smooth and white, braces the gums, makes them healthy, red and firm, prevents decay, tooth-ache, that accumulation of tartar, (so destructive to the teeth and gums) and imparts to the breath a most delectable sweetness.

Sold by appointment of the proprietor, at G. & R. Waite's Patent Medicine Warehouse and Bookstore, No. 64, Maiden-Lane.

**ANTHONY LA TOUR'S
Register and Intelligence
OF FICE**

Has removed from No. 20, Broad-Street, to No. 29 Chatham-Roc, Second Door above the Theatre; where families or single gentlemen upon application, may be supplied with servants of every description; Merchants with Clerks, Mechanics with journeymen; —Also, Servants, Apprentices, Journeymen, Mechanics, and persons of every description may be supplied with places—such as,

Clerks,	Laborers, &c.
Apprentices,	House-keepers,
Farmers,	Wet Nurses,
Gardeners,	Dry Nurses,
Coachmen,	Seamstresses,
Footmen,	Chamber-Maids,
Cooks and ? on board	Women cooks, &c.
Stewards } Vessels,	

Theatre.

On Monday Evening, June 18.
Will be presented, a Comedy, called,
COLUMBUS;
To which will be added, a Farce, called,
WAYS & MEANS.



[Dr. Ferriar has supposed, that Mr. Shandy's hypothesis of Christian names was first suggested to Sterne by some passages in Montaigne and Burton; but another writer thinks it more probable the following poem was its origin. It is to be found in a collection of miscellaneous poems published by the unfortunate Savage, and was written by the consort of Aaron Hill, a lady possessed of considerable poetical talents.]

[From the Salem Gazette,]

TO LADY HARVEY,

ON A CONVERSATION CONCERNING

NAMES;

By MIRANDA.

SOUL-moving HARVEY, in whose smiling eyes
The azure stamp of Heav'n distinguish'd
shines;

Strong as your beauty let my fancy rise,
And your flute's sweetness modulate my lines.

While I, no poet, yet presume to show,
In poet's numbers, with unlicens'd flame,
How our first passions from example flow,
And borrow that example from our name.

The bleeding bosom, and the pictur'd fame,
Instruct each young Lucretia to be chaste;
While little Cleopatra laugh at shame,
And see no faults on those whom beauty grac'd.

Marg'ries and Joans may stray from honor's law,
Nor awe to distance Tom's and Dick's address;
But Portias and Cornelias reverence draw,
And, with the decent pride of caution, bless.

Daphnis and Corydon, attractive swains!
Strike in idea and surprise by sound:
While Hodge and Tristram lose their am'rous pains,
And fright the Sylviuses they propose to wound.

Ask your lov'd Lord, so letter'd and polite,
Whether *Hers*, *Hop* and *Rumff*, in times to come,
Can in the blaze of story shine as bright
As the smooth legates of old Greece and Rome?

Had *Bubb* been *Doddington*, e'er known to Spain,
What barb'rous censures had our nation scap'd!
The soft-mouth'd *Signiore* whic'd and fir'd in vain
Those stubborn consonants, so *Goth-like* shap'd!

Who that was christen'd *Julius* dares be base,
When he looks back to his great pattern's fame?
Or if some nuge *Van Trump* wants air and grace,
Who blames the monster when he hears his
name!

Were I to say what title I would wear,
Could I *A knockfergus* or *Kill-patrick* chuse;
When *Dorset* and *Argyle* had tun'd my ear,
Or *HARVEY*'s softer vowel charm'd my muse?

Oh! what a tuneful thunder shook the tongue,
When *Maribro'* (conq'ring sound) alarm'd the
foe!

Had *Jablonowski* led our armies on,
The General's scarce-crow name had foil'd each
blow.

Epaminondas! does that sound like *Wills*?
Can ev'n your voice make rough *Cadogan* fall
With that soft grace that so smoothly trills,
When we say—*Cesar*! *Heclor*! *Hannibal*!

Had *Helena* been *Moll* or *Paris*, *Hob*,
Troy had but heard—and scap'd the fatal flame:
Nay, were our *Walpole*'s self but simple *Bob*,
Not ev'n his politics had rais'd his name.

Shunning the vulgar tracks of homely sound,
Go on, fair *HARVEY*, to distinguish well:
Let flames that suit your lovely race be found;
Add a *Bellaria* to the sweet *Lepall*.

Round your lov'd knees let *Attimiras* stand,
And soft *Cleoras* and *Olympias* smile:
Give us *Augustus* to grace our land,
And pour their mother's sweetness round the isle.

(From the Farmer's Cabinet.)

Mr. Cushing,

The following is an attempt to burlesque
the well known vulgar form of epistolatory
writing. If you deem it worth pre-
servation, you are at liberty to publish it.
M.

THIS opportunity I take
To write to you, to let you know
That I am well—and for your sake,
I hope these lines will find you so.

Through God's kind care, pray'd be his name,
This precious blessing I enjoy—
And may he still vouchsafe the same
Till life's last hour without alloy.

Your letter I received last night,
And read the same with pleasure vast—
It gave me such profound delight,
As set my heart to beating fast.

'Tis long since last I saw your face,
And absence fills my heart with pain;
Ah! must I run through life's sad race,
And ne'er set eyes on you again!

News is so scarce, I've none to tell,
Except, (which sure must give you joy)
That all our friends are wond'rous well,
And aunt *Jemima*'s got a boy.

I can at present write no more;
So must conclude for want of breath;
Remaining still as heretofore,
Your loving uncle's son till death.

PHILOSCRIBO.

N. SMITH,



Chymical Perfumer, from Lon-
don, at the New-York Hair-Powder
and Perfume Manufactory, the Rose,
No. 114, opposite the City-Hotel,
Broad-Way.

Smith's improved chemical Milk of Roses, so well
known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples, red-
ness, or sunburns; has not its equal for whitening
and preserving the skin to extreme old age, and is
very fine for gentlemen to use after shaving—with
printed directions—6s. 8s. and 12s. per bottle, or
3 dollars per quart.

Smith's Pomade de Grasse, for thickening the hair
and keeping it from coming out or turning grey; 4s.
and 8s. per pot, with printed directions.

His Superfine white Hair Powder, 1s. per lb.

Do. Violet, double scented, 1s. 6d. do.

His beautiful Rose Powder, 2s. 6d. do.

Highly improved sweet scented hard and soft Po-
matums, 1s. per pot or roll, double, 2s. do.

His white almond Wash-ball, 2s. and 3s. each.

Very good common, 1s. Camphor, 2s. 3s. do.

Do. Vegetable.

Gentlemen may have their shaving boxes filled with
fine Shaving Soap, 2s. each.

Smith's Balsamic Lip-Salve of Roses, for giving a
most beautiful coral red to the lips; cures roughness
and chaps; leaves them quite smooth, 2s.—4s. per box.

His fine Cosmetic Cold Cream, for taking off all
kinds of roughness, and leaving the skin smooth and
comfortable, 3s. and 4s. per pot.

Smith's Savonnette Royal Paste, for washing the
skin, making it smooth, delicate, and fair, to be had
only as above, with directions, 4s. and 8s. per pot.

Smith's Chymical Dentrifice Tooth Powder, for the
Teeth and Gums, warranted, 2s. and 4s. per box.

Smith's purified Chymical Cosmetic Wash-ball, far
superior to any other for softening, beautifying and
preserving the skin, with an agreeable perfume, sold
with printed directions, 4s. and 8s. each.

WHAITES & CHARTERS.

PATENT PIANO FORTE MAKERS,

No. 19, Barclay-Street, opposite St. Peter's Church,
Have for sale elegant additional-key'd patent Piano
Fortes of superior quality in tone and workmanship to
any that have been imported, as they are made after
the latest improvement, with upright Dampers, and
the Back solid. They will not require tuning so often
as instruments in general do.

N. B. Second-hand Piano Fortes taken in exchange.
Instruments lent on hire, tuned and repaired with
neatness and accuracy.

TUITION.

The Subscriber returns his thanks to his employers
for their patronage, and flatters himself that he has
every reason to hope for a continuance of the same, soli-
citing also the patronage of the public, informs, that
he has removed his School to No. 17, Bancker-Street
where he proposes continuing the ensuing year. A
Tutors will attend in said School for the purpose of
teaching plain sewing and all kinds of needle work.
The subscriber continues as usual to give lessons to la-
dies and gentlemen at their own dwelling, particular-
ly in the art of Penmanship, wherein he will accomplish
them in three months or exact no pay.

W. D. LEZELL.

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